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Dr. Hagen was a man of marked character, simple and sympathetic, and if at times somewhat hot and hasty in temper and impatient of opposition, he had also one of the warmest of hearts and most generous of dispositions. His unostentatious hospitality was enjoyed by many entomologists, who found his life in Cambridge quiet, contented, and happy.

Of Dr. Hagen's domestic life it is sufficient to record here that in 1851 he married Johanna Maria Elise Gerhards, who survives him.

Dr. Hagen received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Königsberg in 1863; Harvard made him a Doctor of Science in 1887. The renewal of his medical degree on the 17th of October, 1890, the date of his graduation fifty years previously, after the custom of German universities, gave him great pleasure. He was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, November 11, 1868, and served on the Council in 1877-78. He was also a member of a goodly number of scientific associations, and most of the entomological societies the world over were glad to enroll him as an honorary member.

Stricken with paralysis in September, 1890, Dr. Hagen lingered for more than three years; his painful sufferings being lightened by all that affectionate and devoted care could do. He died at Cambridge, November 9, 1893, and was buried in the grounds of Harvard University at Mount Auburn, near his associate, Louis François de Pourtalès.

1894.

SAMUEL HENSHAW.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born at Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819; he died at the same place, August 12, 1891. He was the youngest of a family of five, two daughters and three sons, born of Charles and Harriet Spence Lowell. His father at the time of Lowell's birth was thirty-seven years old and lived till 1861, when his son was forty-two. He was minister to the West Church, Boston, and his son has drawn his portrait in a letter to C. F. Briggs, written in 1844: "He is Dr. Primrose in the comparative degree, the very simplest and charmingest of sexagenarians, and not without a great deal of the truest magnanimity." The Lowells traced their descent from Percival Lowell of Bristol, England, who settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, and in the generations just preceding that of James Russell Lowell three of the family besides his father had

specially honorable names: Francis Cabot Lowell, who gave a great impetus to New England manufactures, from whom the city of Lowell took its name; Judge John Lowell, the author of the section in the Bill of Rights which wrote the death warrant of slavery in Massachusetts; and John Lowell, Jr., whose wise and far-sighted provision gave his native city that powerful centre of intellectual influence, the Lowell Institute.

Mrs. Harriet Spence Lowell, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was of Scotch origin. She is described as having "a great memory, an extraordinary aptitude for language, and a passionate fondness for ancient songs and ballads." It pleased her to fancy herself descended from the hero of one of the most famous ballads, Sir Patrick Spens, and at any rate she made a genuine link in the Poetic Succession. In a letter to his mother, written in 1837, Lowell says: "I am engaged in several poetical effusions, one of which I have dedicated to you, who have always been the patron and encourager of my youthful muse."

Elmwood in the days of Lowell's boyhood was in a more distinctly rural neighborhood than now, but it never has wholly lost its charm of seclusion. In his paper, "My Garden Acquaintance," in many of his poems, such as "An Indian Summer Reverie," "To the Dandelion," "Under the Willows," "Al Fresco," and in many passages in his letters, he bears witness to the intimacy which he enjoyed with that phase of nature which we may call homely and friendly. He once expressed to me his delight in Poussin's landscapes, and in his descriptive poetry it is noticeable that the large, solemn, or expansive scenes of nature make no such appeal to his interest as those nearer vistas which come close to human life and connect themselves with the familiar experience of home-keeping wits.

Lowell's school days were spent in his own neighborhood. Mr. William Wells, an Englishman and unsuccessful publisher, opened a classical school in one of the spacious Tory Row houses near Elmwood, and, bringing with him English public school thoroughness and severity, gave the boy a drilling in Latin which his quick appropriation of strong influences turned into a familiar possession. Possibly the heavy hand of the schoolmaster, by its repression, gave greater buoyancy to the spirit of the student when the comparative freedom of college followed. Lowell was sixteen when he entered Harvard College with the class which graduated in 1838. In "An Indian Summer Reverie," he says:

"Though lightly prized the ribboned parchments three,
Yet *collegisse juvat*, I am glad
That here what colleging was mine I had,—
It linked another tie, dear native town, with thee!"

Whether or no there was a reaction from the discipline of school days, it is certain that the independence which characterized Lowell throughout his life found expression now, not in insubordination, but in a frank pursuit of those courses of study and lines of reading which four years of academic leisure and the tolerable equipment of the college and home library put in his power. "Never," says Lowell in his essay, "A Great Public Character," when speaking of college life,—"Never were we ourselves so capable of the various great things we have never done"; and however much he may have been generalizing for college youth, he recalled well his own spiritual experience; with an impulse which outwardly was wayward, he obeyed that law of his being which his growing consciousness of intellectual power disclosed to him. In his penetrating discrimination between talent and genius, he says profoundly: "The man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them, and there an end; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into a book or a life according to its whim. Talent takes the existing moulds and makes its castings, better or worse, of richer or baser metal, according to knack and opportunity; but genius is always shaping new ones and runs the man in them, so that there is always that human feel in the results which give us a kindred thrill. *What* it will make, we can only conjecture, contented always with knowing the infinite balance of possibility against which it can draw at pleasure." His was a singularly self-centred nature, and he was always true to that large ideal which was his consciousness of greatness projected in history and literature; but there was a whimsical uncertainty in his mind as to the precise direction in which his genius would at any time take him.

It is interesting to observe this self-centred nature in its early struggle after equipoise. So far as outward activity was concerned, he took a degree in law, but confessed to an aversion from the practice, and for a while busied himself in a counting-room. His vacillation of mind regarding his vocation, his apparent fickleness of purpose, the conflict going on between his nature craving expression and the world with its imperious demands, the stirring within him of large designs, and the happy contentment in the pleasures of the day, all seek outlet in his natural yet uneasy letters. He was finding himself in these early days, as many another young man, and there are glimpses all

through Lowell's letters of this restlessness, this subtle sense of one's self which in weaker natures hardens into a mordant self-consciousness. Now and then he turns upon himself in a sort of mingled pride and shame, as if at once aware of his power and angry that he has it not wholly at his beck. But for the most part one is aware of a nature singularly at one with life, and finding its greatest satisfaction in getting at the world through the reflection of the world in literature. No one would deny that Lowell was eminently a man of books, but it would be a wholly inadequate phrase which described him as a bookish man. That he was at home in a library his early letters show, but they show also how even then he read through his books into life, and interpreted history and literature by means of an innate spiritual faculty which was independent of intellectual authority. It is this criticism at first hand, this swift, direct penetration of the reality, which mark emphatically what I have characterized as Lowell's self-centred nature. He has told us that his brain required a long brooding time ere it could hatch anything. He was speaking of the matter of expression; but the phrase is a fit one for his habitual temper. The superficial charge of indolence could apply only to his apparent disregard of bustling activity. His nature was of the sort that knows the power of stillness, and though he upbraids himself in his letters for his unproductiveness at times, he had plainly the instinct which waits on opportunity. His faculty of observation was very strong, but it was no stronger than his power of assimilation; and thus it was that when opportunity came he had not hurriedly to adjust himself to the situation.

It was while he was engaged with his books and his friends, professing law but practising literature in the way of poetical and prose contributions to the magazines, that he was roused out of his dreams by the prick of necessity in the sudden loss by his father of much of his property, and by the impulse given to his own moral force by the coming into his life of Maria White. He became engaged to this lady in the fall of 1840, and the next twelve years of his life were profoundly affected by her influence. Herself a poet of delicate power, she brought an intelligent sympathy with his work; it was, however, her strong moral enthusiasm, her lofty conception of purity and justice, which kindled his spirit and gave force and direction to a character which was ready to respond and yet might otherwise have delayed active expression. They were not married until 1844, but they were not far apart in their homes, and during these years Lowell was making those early ventures in literature, and first raids upon political and

moral evil, which foretold the direction of his later work, and gave some hint of its abundance.

In 1841 he collected the poems which he had written and sometimes contributed to periodicals into a volume entitled "A Year's Life," and inscribed in a veiled dedication to his future wife. In hopes of bettering his fortune, and in obedience to the instinct which most young men of letters have, he undertook with Robert Carter the publication of a literary journal, "The Pioneer," which died under their inexperienced hands in three numbers. He began also to turn his studies in dramatic and early poetic literature to account, and after printing a portion in Nathan Hale's "Miscellany" published, in 1844, "Conversations on some of the Old Poets." In the same year he again collected his poetic work into a volume of "Poems." The difference between the two volumes of poems, though separated by three years only, is marked. Few of the verses from "A Year's Life" are included in the poet's final collection of his writings, few are omitted from "Poems." One poem in the earlier volume, "Irené," is conspicuous as a poetic portrait of the figure of peace which had come into his somewhat turbulent spiritual life, but the volume as a whole is characterized by vague sentimentalism and restless beating of half-grown wings. Three years later, some of this same immaturity is discoverable, but with the poems which wander in somewhat unmeaning ways are those spirited adventures like "Rhœcus," "The Shepherd of King Admetus," and "Prometheus," which denote the growing consciousness of positive poetic power, and also those stirring Sonnets to Wendell Phillips and J. R. Giddings, and the lines entitled "A Glance behind the Curtain," which disclose a new passion leaping up as the champion of truth and righteousness. It is noticeable, too, that in the first volume there is no trace of humor and scarcely any singular felicity of phrase; in the second, wit and humor begin to play a little on the surface. In "Conversations," where the familiar form gives freer scope, there is a gayety of speech which intimates the spontaneity of the man and anticipates the rich fruitage of later years. In all these books, however, there is good evidence of the rapid growth which was taking place in Lowell's intellectual and moral life, a coming to his own which it would take only some strong occasion to make sure.

This occasion was the Mexican War, with the greater contest which flamed up with it over the encroachments of slavery. Lowell and his wife, who brought a fervid antislavery temper as part of her marriage portion, were both contributors to the "Liberty Bell," and Lowell was a frequent contributor to the "Antislavery Standard,"

and was indeed for a while a corresponding editor; but in June, 1846, there appeared one day in the Boston Courier a letter from Mr. Ezekiel Biglow of Jalaam to the Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham, editor of the Boston Courier, enclosing a poem of his son, Mr. Hosea Biglow. It was no new thing to seek to arrest the public attention with the vernacular applied to public affairs. Major Jack Downing and Sam Slick had been notable examples, and they had many imitators; but the reader who laughed over the racy narrative of the unlettered Ezekiel, and then took up Hosea's poem and caught the gust of Yankee wrath and humor blown fresh in his face, knew that he was in with the appearance of something new in American literature. A score of years afterward, when introducing the Second Series of "The Biglow Papers," Lowell confessed that when he wrote this letter and poem he had no definite plan, and no intention of ever writing another. It was struck out from him by the revolt of his nature at the iniquity of slavery and the war into which slavery was dragging the nation. But he adds, "The success of my experiment soon began not only to astonish me, but to make me feel the responsibility of knowing that I held in my hand a weapon, instead of the mere fencing stick I had supposed. . . . If I put on the cap and bells, and made myself one of the court fools of King Demos, it was less to make his Majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears for certain serious things which I had deeply at heart."

"The Biglow Papers" not only gave Lowell to himself and opened the flood gates of his patriotism and his noble indignation; they gave him a public, and thus furnished the complement which every author demands. "Very far," he says, in the same Introduction, "from being a popular author under my own name, so far, indeed, as to be almost unread, I found the verses of my pseudonym copied everywhere; I saw them pinned up in workshops; I heard them quoted and their authorship debated." The force which he displayed in these satires made his book at once a powerful ally of a sentiment which heretofore had been ridiculed; it turned the tables and put Anti-slavery, which had been fighting sturdily on foot with pikes, into the saddle, and gave it a flashing sabre. For Lowell himself it won an accolade from King Demos. He rose up a knight, and thenceforth possessed a freedom which was a freedom of nature, not a simple badge of service in a single cause. His patriotism and moral fervor found other vents in later life, and he never laid down the sword which he then took up, but it is significant of the stability of his genius that he was not misled by the sudden distinction which came

to him into a limitation of his powers. It was shortly after this that he wrote, in one of those poetic absences from his every-day life, which were to overtake him more than once afterward, his "Vision of Sir Launfal," and the exuberance of his nature together with his keen power of criticism found expression about the same time in his witty "Fable for Critics." A third volume of Poems appeared in the same year, 1848, as the last named.

A year in Europe, 1851-52, with his wife, whose health was then precarious, stimulated his scholarly interests, and gave substance to his study of Dante and Italian literature. In October, 1853, his wife died, and in 1855 he was chosen successor to Mr. Longfellow as Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literatures, and Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College. He spent two years in Europe in further preparation for the duties of his office, and in 1857 was again established in Cambridge and installed in his academic chair. He married also at this time his second wife, Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine.

Lowell was now in his thirty-ninth year. As a scholar, in his professional work, he had acquired a versatile knowledge of the Romance languages and was an adept in old French and Provençal poetry; he had given a course of twelve lectures on English Poetry before the Lowell Institute in Boston which had made a strong impression on the community, and his work on the series of British Poets in connection with Professor Child, especially his biographical sketch of Keats, had been recognized as of a high order. In poetry he had published the volumes already mentioned. In general literature he had printed in magazines the papers which he afterward collected into his volume "Fireside Travels." It was not long after he entered on his college duties that "The Atlantic Monthly" was started, and the editorship given to him. For the details of the office he had little aptitude, although he looked keenly after nice points of literary finish in the proof-reading; he was relieved of much of the detail by his active assistant, Mr. F. H. Underwood, to whom the inception of the magazine was largely due. But the Atlantic afforded a good outlet for his literary production, and though he held the editorship but a little more than two years he stamped the magazine with the impress of his high ideals in literature and criticism; his selection of articles was judicious, his own contributions and criticism were full of life, and he was most generous in his critical aid to contributors. In 1862 he was associated with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton in the conduct of "The North American Review," and continued in this charge for ten years. In 1877

he was appointed by President Hayes Minister to the Court of Spain.

These twenty years, from 1857 to 1877 were the most productive period of Lowell's literary activity. He was in the maturity of his mental power, he held a convenient position in University life, his home relations were congenial and stimulating, and his collegiate work as well as his editorial charge successively of the *Atlantic* and *North American* gave him a needed impulse to literary effort. During this period appeared the most of that body of literary history and criticism which marks him as the most distinguished of American critics. Brought together in his writings under the general head of "Literary Essays," these papers are the rich deposit of a mind at once sympathetic and discriminating, capable of enjoying to the full the varied manifestations of life in literature, and yet an intuitive judge and penetrating critic.

While this broad stream of literary criticism was flowing, there was another expression of Lowell's nature, never divorced from this love of letters,—a criticism of life, especially as it took form in contemporaneous American history. The period which I have named covered the preparation for the war for the Union, that war itself, and the reconstruction era afterward, and the expression of Lowell's nature in its attitude toward the whole period was manifold. The volume of "Political Essays" contains the incisive papers which stung the irresolute and time-serving, and inspirited the ardent lovers of truth and liberty. It is impossible to read these papers now without admiration for the political sagacity of the writer,—a sagacity before the event, not after. Every page bears witness to the sanity with which he regarded contemporaneous affairs, when madness seemed the most natural temper in the world, and his insight of human nature was that of a poet who did not regard his power of vision as excluding the necessity of paying taxes. History has been supplying footnotes to these pages, with the result, not of correcting the text, but of confirming it.

In this same period also he wrote and published the Second Series of the *Biglow Papers*, and used his satire and his moral indignation with a depth of feeling which surpassed that shown in the first series, a little to the detriment thereby, it may be, of the brilliancy of the general effect. In truth, strong as was Lowell's power of invective, his passion of patriotism found this vent too narrow; there was a large, constructive imagination at work on the great theme of national life, which found fuller expression in the *Odes* which the Centennial

and Commemorative occasions called out. Lowell seized the occasions with a spirit which scarcely needed them, and merely employed them as fit opportunities for casting in large moulds the great thoughts and feelings which rose out of the life of a man conscious of his inheritance in a noble patrimony.

It was at the close of this period, in which he had done incalculable service to the Republic, that Lowell was called on to represent the country, first at Madrid and afterward at London. Eight years were thus spent by him in the foreign service of the country. His sole participation in practical politics, as the term is, up to this time had been to attend a national convention once as delegate, and to have his name used as Presidential Elector. To the minds of many of his countrymen he seemed doubtless a dilettante in politics. Special preparation in diplomacy he had not, but he had what was more fundamental, a large nature enriched by a familiar intercourse with great minds, and so sane, so sound in its judgment, that whether he was engaged in determining a reading in an Elizabethan dramatist or in deciding to which country an Irish colossus belonged, he was bringing his whole nature to the bench. No one can read Lowell's despatches from Madrid and London without being struck by his sagacity, his readiness in emergencies, his interest in and quick perception of the political situation in the country where he was resident, and his unerring knowledge as a man of the world. Nor could Lowell lay aside in his official communications the art and the wit which were native to him. "I asked Lord Lyons," he writes in one letter, "whether he did not think suzerainty might be defined as 'leaving to a man the privilege of carrying the saddle and bridle after you have stolen his horse.' He assented."

But though Lowell's studies and experience had given him a preparation for dealing with diplomatic questions, the firmness with which he held his political faith afforded as sure a preparation for that more significant embassy which he bore from the American people to the English. Not long after his return, he published a little volume containing the more important speeches which he had made while in England. Most of them had to do with literature, but the title address in the volume, "Democracy," was an epigrammatic confession of political faith as hopeful as it was wise and keen. A few years later he gave another address to his own countrymen on "The Place of the Independent in Politics." It was a noble *apologia*, not without a trace of discouragement at the apparently sluggish movement of the recent years, but with

that faith in the substance of his countrymen which gave him the right to use words of honest scorn and warning. What impresses one especially in reading this address, remembering the thoughtless gibes which had been flung at this patriot, is the perfect self-respect with which he defuses his position, the entire absence of petty retaliation upon his aspersors, the kindness of nature, the charity, in a word, which is the finest outcome of a strong political faith. It must have been galling to Lowell to find himself taunted with being un-American. He could afford to meet such a charge with silence, but he answered it with something better than silence when he reprinted in a volume his scattered political essays.

The public life of Mr. Lowell made him more of a figure before the world. He received honors from societies and universities; he was decorated by the highest honors which Harvard could pay officially, and Oxford and Cambridge, St. Andrews and Edinburgh, and Bologna, gave gowns. He established warm personal relations with Englishmen, and after his release from public office he made several visits to England. There, too, was buried his wife, who died in 1885. But the closing years of his life in his own country, though touched with domestic loneliness and diminished by growing physical infirmities that predicted his death, were rich also with the continued expression of his large personality. He delivered the public address in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard University, he gave a course of lectures on the Old English Dramatists before the Lowell Institute, he collected a volume of his poems, he spoke and wrote on public affairs, and the year before his death revised, rearranged, and carefully edited a definitive series of his writings in ten volumes.

1894.

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

HENRY WARREN PAINE.

THE death of HENRY WARREN PAINE, LL.D., took place at his residence in Cambridge on the 26th of December, 1893. He had been a Resident Fellow of the American Academy in Class III. Section 1, Philosophy and Jurisprudence, from the year 1871. A membership so long continued may bear witness to the interest taken by our late associate in the advancement of knowledge and liberal culture beyond the immediate sphere of his own active life and achievements in the special field of the practical jurist.

He was born at Winslow in the State of Maine, August 30, 1810,